IT'S TERRIFIC

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A POWER COMIC

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Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

THEY PRESS CLOSER, FROM ALL SIDES! THEY KNOW I CANNOT BATTLE THEM ALL!

IF THEY ONLY HAD A LEADER WHOM I COULD ATTACK... BUT EACH IS AN ARMY UNTO HIMSELF!

THEY ARE ALMOST UPON ME! MY OWN BODY SHALL SHIELD DORMA FROM THEIR BLOWS FOR AS LONG AS LIFE REMAINS!

BUT THEN, WHEN LEAST EXPECTED, ONE OF THE FACELESS ONES RAISES HIS WEBBED HAND, AS THE OTHERS FALL BACK...!

AND THEN, A VOICE WHICH IS NOT A VOICE...WHICH IS FAR MORE THAN MERELY A VOICE... SEEMS TO FILL THE STYGIAN DEEP, AS THE AWESOME VISAGE OF NEPTUNE SUDDENLY APPEARS...!
LET THERE BE AN END TO BATTLE!
NAMOR! HEED THE WORDS OF YOUR LIEGE! YOU HAVE FORSAKEN YOUR QUEST FOR THE ENCHANTED TRIDENT! YOU HAVE BROKEN THE COVENANT!
I CANNOT DISPUTE YOUR WORDS, MY LORD! THE SUB-MARINER HAS FAILED THEE!

BUT, HEAR MY FINAL WORDS, O GIVER OF THE LAW! LET ME PAY THE FULL PRICE FOR MY FAILURE ... BUT, IN THY LORDLY MERCY, SPARE THE GIRL, FOR TRULY SHE IS BLAMELESS!
BE SILENT, AND ATTEND MY WORDS...!
THEN, AS TIME ITSELF SEEMS TO PAUSE WHILE NEPTUNE PREPARES TO SPEAK, ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARS ... THE AGED, WEARY FIGURE OF AN ANCIENT OF ATLANTIS ...
I HAVE FOUND MY PRINCE AT LAST! BUT, WHAT FATEFUL EVENT TRANSPIRES?
MINE EYES BEHOLD A SPECTACLE NOT MEANT FOR MORTAL BEINGS!
WITH AN EMPIRE AT STAKE, WITH THE CROWN OF ATLANTIS ALMOST WITHIN YOUR GRASP, YOU ABANDONED THE GLORY... AND THE VICTORY... FOR THE LOVE OF ANOTHER! CAN YOU DENY THAT ACCUSATION?
THEN DOES NEPTUNE MAKE HIS PRONOUNCEMENT, AS THE VERY DEPTHS OF THE SEA CHURN AND SWIRL BEFORE THE POWER OF THEIR MONARCH!
I CANNOT, MY LORD! I DID AS MY HEART DICTATED! I HAVE BEEN UNWORTHY!

NOT SO, MY SON! YOU HAVE PROVEN YOURSELF THE WORTHIEST OF ALL! EVERY ATTRIBUTE OF A PRINCE IS YOURS ... COURAGE, STRENGTH, HONESTY... AND, MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL... A HEART WHICH CAN LOVE... A SOUL WHICH CAN SACRIFICE!
WITH THE WAVE OF MY ARM I BANISH THE FACELESS ONES, EVEN AS I MYSELF FADE FROM YOUR SIGHT! YOU HAVE NOT FAILED YOUR QUEST, PRINCE OF THE BLOOD! YOU HAVE WON! STAND FORTH, SUB-MARINER, AND CLAIM YOUR TRIDENT! THE THRONE OF ATLANTIS IS YOURS!!

MOTIONLESS, THE SUB-MARINER STANDS... UNABLE TO SPEAK... UNWILLING TO BREAK THE SPELL... UNTIL THE SILENCE IS FINALLY SHATTERED BY THE VOICE OF ANOTHER...
MY PRINCE... I HAVE BEHELD A MIRACLE!
BUT, THERE IS LITTLE TIME FOR REJOICING...!

LONG HAVE I JOURNEYED TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR PEOPLE ARE SORELY IN NEED... FOR THE EVIL WARLORD KRANG OPPRESSES THEM MOST MERCILESSLY!
I MUST RETURN TO ATLANTIS AT ONCE! MY SUB-JECTS SHALL SUFFER NO LONGER!

PRAISE THE NAME OF NEPTUNE, TO HAVE GIVEN US SUCH A LEADER IN OUR HOUR OF NEED!
RISE, ANCIENT ONE! THERE IS ONE LAST SERVICE YOU MAY RENDER TO YOUR PRINCE!

SLOWLY DOES THE VERY LIFE EBB OUT OF MY LADY DORMA! ONLY IN THE PALACE ROYAL IS THERE A REVITALIZER RAY WHICH MIGHT SAVE HER! I MUST DELAY NO LONGER!
THUS, I COMMAND THAT YOU CARRY THE IMPERIAL TRIDENT, AS I PREPARE TO SWIM WITH A SPEED ONLY NAMOR CAN ATTAIN!
MANY DECADES HAVE I LIVED, MY PRINCE, YET THIS IS MY PROUDEST MOMENT! GO, YOUR HIGHNESS! I SHALL GUARD THY SCEPTRE WITH MY LIFE!

STAY BACK THEN, MOST LOYAL SUBJECT! DO NOT APPROACH TOO CLOSELY!

WHEN I REACH MAXIMUM SPEED, SO SHARPLY WILL I KNIFE THROUGH THE WATER, THAT THE WAKE WHICH FOLLOWS MIGHT HARM THEE!

AND NOW...TO ATLANTIS... AT LAST!
THE EYES OF NEPTUNE BE UPON THEE!

YOU MUST LIVE, MY LADY! FOR, IF YOU BE TAKEN FROM ME, EVEN THE THRONE OF ATLANTIS WILL NOT REPLACE YOUR LOSS!

FINALLY, THE SUB-MARINER SLACKENS HIS SPEED, AS HE SEES...
THE GATES OF MY KINGDOM... AT LAST!

BUT, GUARDING THE GATES, STAND THE HAND-PICKED MERCENARIES OF WARLORD KRANG..!
HE IS HERE!
IT MEANS OUR LIVES IF HE GETS PAST US!

HE MUST BE STOPPED!
FIRE AT WILL!
WHROOM!

LETHO-RAY BLASTS FROM KRANG'S PICKED GUARD!
I HAVE THE STRENGTH TO SURVIVE ALL BUT A DIRECT HIT... BUT, IF THEY SHOULD GET WITHIN RANGE OF DORMA..!

TWISTING, TURNING, DODGING WITH ALL THE MATCHLESS SKILL AND SPEED HE CAN MUSTER, NAMOR DESPERATELY SHIELDS THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL WITH HIS OWN INCREDIBLY POWERFUL BODY..!
I CANNOT LOSE HER NOW WHEN I AM SO CLOSE TO VICTORY! I SHALL NOT LOSE HER!!
ZAPT!

AND THEN AS THE FIRING SLOWS DOWN, WHILE KRANG'S MEN PAUSE TO RECHARGE THEIR LETHO-RAYS...
MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO DO WHAT THEY LEAST SUSPECT!
ZZUUT!

INSTEAD OF TRYING TO DODGE THEIR NEXT VOLLEY, I'LL CHARGE DIRECTLY INTO THEM!
WE DARE NOT FIRE! HE IS TOO CLOSE! THE CONCUSSION WILL INJURE US!
HE'S COMING RIGHT AT US!

NOW!! I'LL SPIN AROUND FOR MAXIMUM IMPACT, WHILE STILL KEEPING MYSELF AS A LIVING BUFFER BETWEEN DORMA AND THE GATES... AND THEN...
WHIRRRR

CRASH!
WE ARE LOST! HE HAS BROKEN THROUGH!!
I DID IT! NOW LET KRANG BEWARE!!

THEN, PLUNGING HEADLONG INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE ETERNAL CITY, NAMOR IS AMAZED TO FIND...

MY SUBJECTS!! THEY HAVE BEEN MURD... NO! THEY ARE UNCONSCIOUS!! BUT... HOW?*

* WE, WHO WERE FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE READ OUR LAST ISSUE, KNOW THAT WARLORD KRANG USED HIS ROBO-TANK TO FIRE ITS POTENT SENSE-STUN RAY AT THE REBELLIOUS POPULACE ...ED.

SUDDENLY, SHATTERING THE UNNATURAL SILENCE LIKE A THUNDERCLAP, THE ELECTRONICALLY AMPLIFIED VOICE OF KRANG BOOMS FROM THE ROBO-TANK, QUIVERING WITH SHEER, NAKED HATRED...!
ATTACK! ATTACK! DESTROY HIM! SMASH HIM!! LET THERE BE AN END TO NAMOR, ONCE AND FOREVER!
AND, WITH THE UNSWERVING, BLIND OBEDIENCE OF A MECHANICAL SLAVE, THE MONSTROUS MACHINE RESPONDS...!
BOOOM!
BOOOM!
...AS A VOLLEY, STRONG ENOUGH TO SMASH A BRIGADE, STRIKES THE VALIANT PRINCE HEAD ON...!
BUT, THIS IS NO ORDINARY BEING WHO HAS BEEN THUS STRICKEN! THIS IS NAMOR, THE AVENGING SON! NAMOR THE FIRST, PRINCE OF ATLANTIS, EMPEROR OF THE DEEP, LORD OF THE SEVEN SEAS, AND SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE UNDERSEA LEGIONS! THIS IS NAMOR, STRONGEST OF ALL WHO LIVE BENEATH THE SWIRLING SEAS! AND SO...
I SURVIVED THAT FIRST ATTACK... BUT, I MAY NOT BE SO FORTUNATE A SECOND TIME...!
YET, I CANNOT FAIL NOW...I DARE NOT FAIL!! THERE IS MORE AT STAKE THAN JUST MY LIFE! THERE IS DORMA... THERE ARE MY PEOPLE... MY HALLOWED LAND...!
I MUST ALLOW NO SECOND ATTACK! NOW MUST I STRIKE FIRST...!

ARE YOU WATCHING, KRANG? THEN BEHOLD... BEHOLD THE POWER OF HIM WHO SHALL DESTROY YOU!
THUS, LEAPING FORWARD WITH THE AWESOME SPEED OF A STRIKING TIGER SHARK, NAMOR GRASPS THE TANK'S FORESECTION BEFORE ITS DEADLY ARTILLERY CAN BE BROUGHT INTO PLAY...!
NO MATTER HOW MIGHTY A TANK MAY BE, IT IS A TANK, ...A MERE MACHINE, NONETHELESS! HOW CAN IT HOPE TO MATCH A LIVING BEING IN PURPOSE, IN SKILL, IN DETERMINATION!?
HAP!
THEN, WITH ONE SUDDEN MOTION, HIS SMOOTH, RIPPLING MUSCLES STRAINING LIKE IRON BANDS UNDER THE ALMOST UNBEARABLE PRESSURE, THE MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE SEA OVERTURNS HIS MECHANICAL FOE...!
THE DEED IS DONE!
WOOSH!
THERE, KRANG!! EVEN AS I DESTROY YOUR MOST LETHAL WEAPON, SO TOO SHALL I DESTROY YOUR MERCILESS REIGN!!
BLAM!
BUT, LONG ENOUGH HAVE I TARRIED!! I MUST PLACE THE LADY DORMA BENEATH THE REVITALIZER RAY WHILST THE BREATH OF LIFE STILL FLICKERS WITHIN HER!

SLEEP THEN, MY FAIR ONE! AND, IF *NEPTUNE* SO WILLS IT, THY SLEEP SHALL SOON END...AND MY HEART SHALL BE HEAVY NO LONGER!

SO *STILL* IS SHE!! SO COLD..SO SILENT!! YET, EVEN ON THE THRESHOLD OF DEATH, HER BREATHTAKING *LOVELINESS* IS BEYOND DESCRIPTION... BEYOND COMPARE!

RECOVER, MY LADY!! YOU *MUST* RECOVER, THAT I MAY BE FORGIVEN FOR SCORNING YOUR LOVE ALL THESE YEARS... THESE WASTED YEARS..!

BUT, AT THAT VERY SECOND...

WHILE HIS ATTENTION IS RIVETTED UPON *DORMA*, HE CAN *STILL* BE VANQUISHED!

IF THE REVITALIZER RAY SHOULD BE *SHORT-CIRCUITED* WHILE BOTH ARE UNDER IT, I'LL HAVE *TRIUMPHED* AFTER ALL!

ONE PULL OF THIS LEVER, AND A *WORLD* IS MINE!!

HE CAN *NEVER* STOP ME NOW!!

BUT, *FATE* WILLS OTHERWISE, AS *ANOTHER* FIGURE ENTERS, SHOUTING DESPERATELY TO THE STARTLED SUBMARINER...!

MY PRINCE!! SEIZE YOUR TRIDENT!

IN A SPLIT-SECOND, NAMOR REALIZES THE DANGER, GRASPS THE PROFFERED SCEPTRE AND *HURLS* IT WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT...!

STAY THY HAND, TRAITOR!!

KLAK!

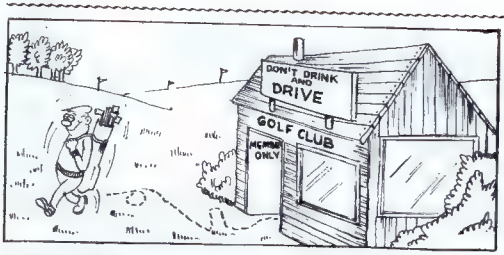
NOOOO!

NOW *TURN!!* TURN, KRANG, AND FACE... YOUR *FATE!*

NEXT WEEK: NAMOR'S OWN BRAND OF JUSTICE IS METED OUT TO WARLORD KRANG..AS A NEW, FANTASTICALLY DESPERATE PROBLEM CONFRONTS ALL OF ATLANTIS! LET NO FRANTIC ONE *MISS* IT!! *IMPERIUS REX!*

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO:—
TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2



Dear Alf and Bart,

Last night I put my thinking cap on and thought up this joke. It isn't for *Brand X* readers 'cos they aren't clever enough.

D. Robinson, Stockport, Cheshire.

TERRIFIC to a tee, D.R. !

Alf and Bart.

Dear, clever, brilliant, ingenious Editors of this . . . this . . . this . . . *fantabulous* paper ! I have been writing letters by the dozens, but they never seem to get published. But by the bristling beard of Odin, if this letter does not get published I shall open my wardrobe and reach out from the depths of it my colourful battle garb and I shall summon my hammer and I'll come round there and smash your teeth in ! I mean it !

Robert Stokes, Alfreton, Derby.

What teeth ?

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

How did the Sub-Mariner get his superpowers ? Were they a gift from King Neptune ? Or does he eat sea-spinach and cod-liver oil ?

I may as well tell you—and the rest of the universe—that Imperius Rex is the most compulsive reading my eager eyes ever rested on. Did I say *rested* ! !

Incidently I'm an aquatic ace myself – oo boy, just like a mackerel in my flippers —and I say, "Thinks: Thanks to condensed dolphin's milk," every night. You should try it 'cos with Namor roaming about the garret things must be pretty hectic ! Nuff said.

Hank Hill, Plymouth.

Is that what you drink, Hank, or do you swim in it ? Anyway thanks for the tip, we'll certainly try it in our coffee—all we need is a condensed dolphin ! As for the Avenging son, his powers are the hereditary attributes of the true Prince of Atlantis.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Power Comics are fabulous. I'm not a critic. Everything you put in your great comics is perfect with me (I hate critics). I've not missed *one* issue of any of them. Long live Power Comics ! *Power*fully yours,

Sebastian Rose, East Molesey, Surrey.

We'd like to hear more from the critics 'cos all this adulation's going to our heads.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In copies 9 of POW, 59 of SMASH and 5 of FANTASTIC I saw that in your *From the floor of* 64 you had a picture of our favourite editor — namely ALF. WOW ! Was I surprised ! That ! (If you'll pardon the expression.) That was Alf ! ? Well, until you published the picture my impression of Alf was completely different—I imagined him as a beatnik, with a moustache, lolling around all day reading future copies of POW etc. He wore a striped suit, a spotted tie, and jazzy cufflinks ! (But I'm *glad* that Alf is ' posh '—like in the picture . . . so don't worry . . . I still love ya ! !) Anyway, back to business. Have you a vacant job for clearing Spidey's webs (which he leaves behind him after fights) ? ? ? If so, please say so, in your reply to my letter . . . If (that is) it gets printed. So, signing off with my favourite expression good-bye . . . ' Long live Power ! ' P.S. Does Bart clear the webs up if I don't get the job ?

Geoffrey Barton, Ashford, Mddx.

We'd hate anyone to say that we drive you up the wall, Geoffrey, but if you can walk up them unaided, and hang upside-down from ceilings—then the job's yours . . . it's beginning to look pretty eerie up in the garret.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I read all your POWER comics and I think they're . . . well they speak for themselves. You have all my favourite Super Heroes in your comics ; The Fantastic Four, Batman, The Incredible Hulk, Spiderman, Nick Fury, Thor, The X-Men, Marvel Girl, Dr. Strange, The Submariner, not to forget Iron Man and I don't regret buying them. If Spiderman has Spider-senses why doesn't he eat flies ? Please answer my question.

Mark Fisher, Letchworth, Hants.

Guess the wings stick in his throat, Mark.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

By the beards of the Vishanti and the flickering eyes of the Ancient One and also by my enchanted left sock—you two guys are responsible for me turning my sister into a frog ! It wasn't very hard at that ! Yours in the throat of Doom.

Dan Williams, London.

Shees !

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Betcha don't know what I am—I'm the least frantic of the frantic ones. Know what that means ? Yes, you got there : I can sleep standing up !

I HATE Captain America ! Doesn't that guy ever relax—he's always tearing around ? He gives me a stitch every time I see him. Also he never smiles ! Isn't he supposed to be *human* ? Maybe being frozen in a block of ice for 20 years or whatever it was affected his face or something. But *shees*—it doesn't seem to have affected his legs !

Mike Storey, Liverpool.

If you'd been frozen for 20 years in an ice block, Mike you'd feel the need to stretch your legs now and again.

Alf and Bart.

WIN YOURSELVES A POUND !

WRITE NOW TO TERRIFIC NEWS

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

DON'T get the idea that it's only super - heroes like Spiderman, Thor, The Fantastic Four, Iron Man, Hulk, etc., who every-so-often have to cope with the problem of saving the world from disaster—because this week it's our turn to do just that! As we pen these words we've just been hit by the nerve-numbing news that St. Clements Press, who are our printers for WHAM, SMASH and POW, have suddenly decided to go out of business as periodical and magazine printers! And that means that unless we can find another printer to take up where St. Clements leave off, there'll be no WHAM, SMASH or POW! What a responsibility! See what we mean about saving the world from disaster!

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Whilst on the subject of problems, this may be the moment to unburden ourselves about another one that nags at our consciences here in the garret. As you know, much as we love hearing from you, it just isn't possible for us to answer every letter we receive from you—try as we will. So please don't think too harshly of us if yours was one of the letters that didn't get a reply. We're doing our best—but have you ever tried writing with your right hand and your left hand at the same time?

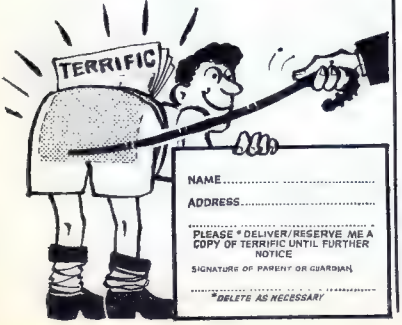
Just in case any POW readers are confused about Nick Fury and Sergeant Fury, we'll re-state the explanation. Sergeant Nick Fury was a commando during World War II and rose to the dizzy heights of a full colonel. Long after the war had ended he was invited to take over the leadership of Shield and when he did so he contacted all his old buddies who had fought with him during the war and made them his team at Shield. The Howling Commando yarns running in POW are Nick's adventures during the war in his commando days. Got it? We hope so—because if we had to go through that explanation again, we'd be confused too!

TWENTY FRANTIC FOLLOWERS . . .

John Mills, Birmingham 9; Peter Wainwright, Rotherham; Mary Naylor, Yorkshire; Barry Everest, Paddock Wood, Kent; Kenneth Johnston, Belfast 13; Michael Lancaster, Burnley, Lancs.; Stephen Fawcett, Middlesbrough, Yorks.; Keith Miller, Edinburgh 9, Scotland; Stuart Colley, Sunderland, Co. Durham; Malcom Edwards, Salisbury, Wilts.; Mark Spicer, Leasowe, Wirral, Cheshire; Neil Hurstead, Rochdale, Lancs.; Stephen Pearson, Reddish, Stockport; Barry Ardley, Southend-on-Sea, Essex; Henry Marzak, Salford 7, Lancashire; Stephen Burns, London N.3; Peter Smith, Kingston, Surrey; Ronald Wilson, Liverpool 21; David Black, Londonderry, N. Ireland; John Young, Dorking, Surrey.

FRANTIC ONES—ARM YOURSELVES WITH NEW CANE-PROOF TERRIFIC!!! BE FRAUGHT WITH POWER!!

Quick, fill in this coupon and take it to your newsagent . . .



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

PLEASE * DELIVER/RESERVE ME A COPY OF TERRIFIC UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR GUARDIAN

*DELETE AS NECESSARY

Tell your young brothers and sisters to enjoy all their favourites every week in

NEW Robin

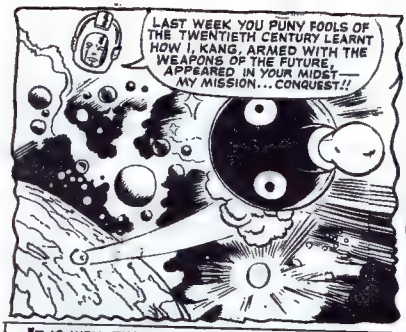
joined by Story Time

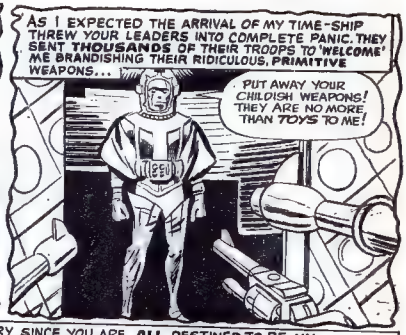
New Robin is bigger and better with Andy Pandy, Bizzy Beaver, Super Bear, Nutty Noddle, Dozey Dormouse, Simon and Sally, Sam and Huff, Flower-Pot Men, and a Fairy Story in colour!

JUST OUT!

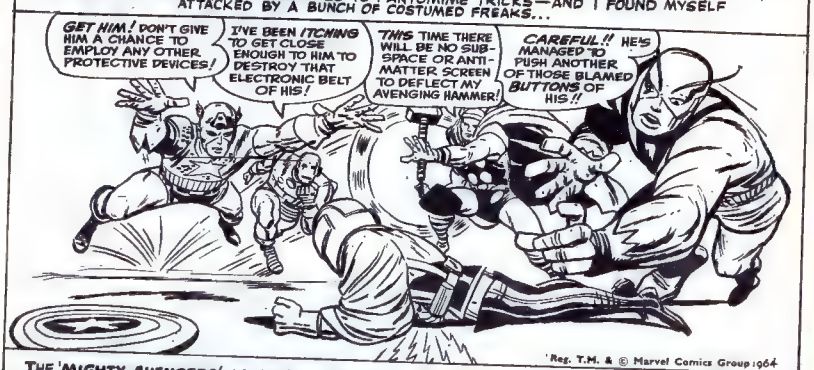
THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!

MEET "KANG THE CONQUEROR!" PART 2





IT IS WELL THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW THE FULL STORY SINCE YOU ARE ALL DESTINED TO BE MY SLAVES. WHEN THE POLITICIANS REALISED THAT THEIR SOLDIERS WERE USELESS TO THEM IN THE FACE OF KANG, THEY RESORTED TO PANTOMIME TRICKS—AND I FOUND MYSELF ATTACKED BY A BUNCH OF COSTUMED FREAKS...



'Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1964

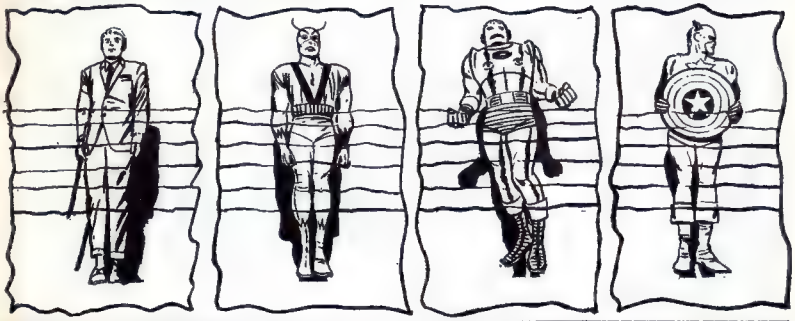
THE 'MIGHTY AVENGERS', AS THEY LIKE TO CALL THEMSELVES, WERE NO PROBLEM WHATSOEVER. THEIR LAUGHABLE ATTEMPTS TO VANQUISH ME, WERE LIKE THOSE OF A BAND OF MUSCULAR CAVE-MEN ARMED WITH CLUBS ATTACKING ONE OF YOUR SOLDIERS ARMED WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS...

ENOUGH OF KANG'S MOCKERY— SEE FOR YOURSELVES THE AVENGERS LOCKED IN THE GRIP OF A PARALYSIS RAY THAT HAS CHANGED THOR INTO HIS MORTAL ALIAS...

...AND WHICH HAS ALSO AFFECTED GIANT-MAN! IN AN ADJACENT CUBICLE HE LIES MOTIONLESS, REDUCED TO NORMAL SIZE...

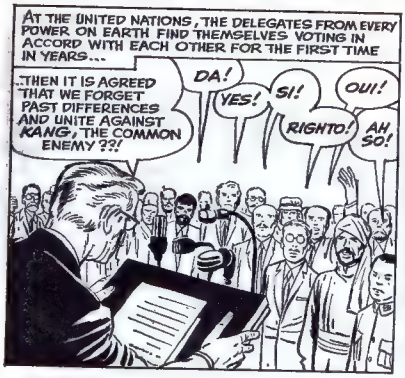
...AS IRON MAN STRUGGLES FOR BREATH AS THE PARALYSIS RAY SLOWS DOWN HIS TRANSISTOR-POWERED CHEST DEVICE!

AND CAPTAIN AMERICA LIES STILL, THE WEIGHT OF HIS OWN SHIELD PRESSING AGAINST HIM WITH MIGHTY PRESSURE DUE TO THE ENDLESS RAY!



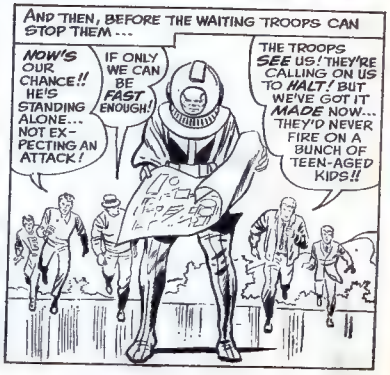
MINUTES LATER, THE DESPERATE DUO MAKE A DRAMATIC DECISION...
THEN IT'S AGREED? I'LL RETURN TO AVENGERS' HEADQUARTERS AND SEE IF I CAN FIND ANY SPECIAL WEAPONS WHICH MIGHT DEFEAT KANG!
AND I'LL GET MY TEEN BRIGADE TO HELP ME WITH MY PLAN TO FREE THE AVENGERS!

MEANWHILE, THROUGHOUT THE EARTH, THE INCREDIBLE NEWS ABOUT KANG IS FLASHED... AS A STARTLED HUMANITY PONDERS ITS NEXT MOVE!
MOBILIZATION ORDER
U.N. SECURITY COUNCIL IN EMERGENCY SESSION!
PUBLIC ASKED TO KEEP CALM!
INVADER FROM FUTURE THREATENS EARTH!
U.N. FORCES ON ALERT!
AVENGERS CAPTURED BY KANG THE CONQUEROR!
BATTLE FOR PLANET LOOMS!


AT THE UNITED NATIONS, THE DELEGATES FROM EVERY POWER ON EARTH FIND THEMSELVES VOTING IN ACCORD WITH EACH OTHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YEARS...
THEN IT IS AGREED THAT WE FORGET PAST DIFFERENCES AND UNITE AGAINST KANG, THE COMMON ENEMY ??!
DA!
YES!
SI!
OUI!
RIGHTO!
AH, SO!

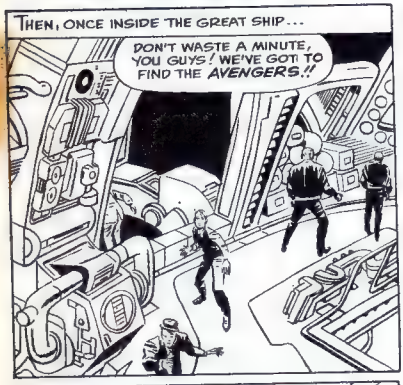
AND, BACK AT KANG'S LANDING SITE...
QUIET! WE MUSTN'T LET THE TROOPS SEE US!
THEY HAVE ORDERS TO ALLOW NO ONE NEAR KANG'S SPACE SHIP!
THEN HOW ARE WE GOING TO BE ABLE TO HELP THE AVENGERS?

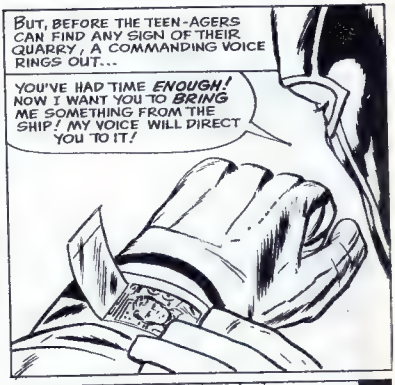
WE'VE GOT TO WAIT OUR CHANCE, THEN MOVE WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING... JUST LIKE CAPTAIN AMERICA TAUGHT US!
BUT, IF KANG WAS ABLE TO TRAP THE AVENGERS THEMSELVES...
SHUT UP AND WAIT FOR RICK'S SIGNAL! THIS IS OUR FIRST BIG CHANCE TO REALLY DO SOMETHING IMPORTANT!


AND THEN, BEFORE THE WAITING TROOPS CAN STOP THEM...
NOW'S OUR CHANCE!! HE'S STANDING ALONE... NOT EXPECTING AN ATTACK!
IF ONLY WE CAN BE FAST ENOUGH!
THE TROOPS SEE US! THEY'RE CALLING ON US TO HALT! BUT WE'VE GOT IT MADE NOW... THEY'D NEVER FIRE ON A BUNCH OF TEEN-AGED KIDS!!

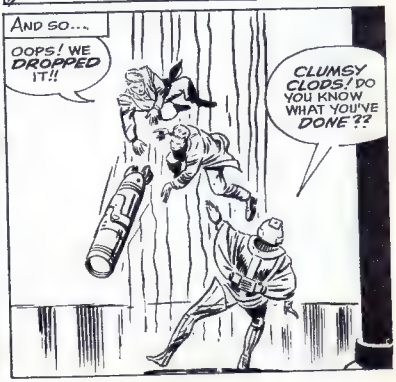
AND, THE TEEN BRIGADE'S DESPERATE GAMBLE SUCCEEDS! UNWILLING TO INJURE THE INNOCENT YOUTHS, THE TROOPS HOLD THEIR FIRE UNTIL...
COME NO CLOSER! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE REALIZE EARTH HASN'T A CHANCE AGAINST YOU! WE WANT TO BE ON YOUR SIDE!
HE SEEMS TO BE SWALLOWING IT!

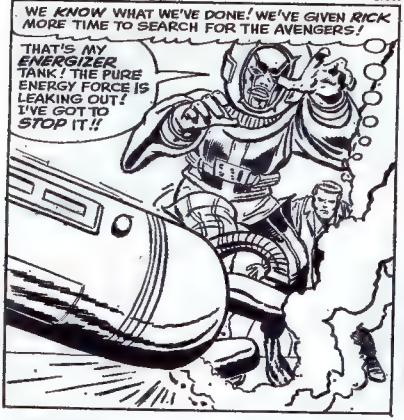
YOU ARE WISE BEYOND YOUR YEARS! YOU SHALL BECOME MY FIRST PERSONAL EARTH SERVANTS!
HOLY MACKEREL! WE'RE FLYING!
NOW ENTER MY SHIP AND FAMILIARIZE YOURSELVES WITH IT!


THEN, ONCE INSIDE THE GREAT SHIP...
DON'T WASTE A MINUTE, YOU GUYS! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE AVENGERS!!

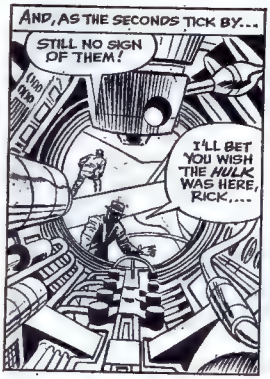

BUT, BEFORE THE TEEN-AGERS CAN FIND ANY SIGN OF THEIR QUARRY, A COMMANDING VOICE RINGS OUT...
YOU'VE HAD TIME ENOUGH! NOW I WANT YOU TO BRING ME SOMETHING FROM THE SHIP! MY VOICE WILL DIRECT YOU TO IT!

THAT'S IT! BRING ME THE CYLINDER FROM THE NEAR WALL! REMEMBER... I CAN SEE YOUR EVERY MOVEMENT!
EVERY SECOND COUNTS! YOU TWO DO WHAT I TOLD YOU... WE'LL DO OUR PART!


AND SO...
OOPS! WE DROPPED IT!!
CLUMSY CLODS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE??

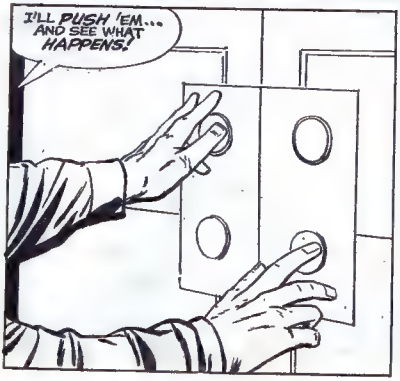

WE KNOW WHAT WE'VE DONE! WE'VE GIVEN RICK MORE TIME TO SEARCH FOR THE AVENGERS!
THAT'S MY ENERGIZER TANK! THE PURE ENERGY FORCE IS LEAKING OUT! I'VE GOT TO STOP IT!!

MEANWHILE...
LET'S GO!! THEY'VE GOT TO BE HERE SOMEWHERE!
IF WE DON'T FIND THEM BEFORE KANG REALIZES WHAT WE'RE UP TO... WE'RE COOKED!


AND, AS THE SECONDS TICK BY...
STILL NO SIGN OF THEM!
I'LL BET YOU WISH THE HULK WAS HERE, RICK,...

...HE COULD HAVE TORN THIS WHOLE SHIP APART WITH HIS BARE HANDS, AND...
QUIET! I HEAR SOMETHING!

IT'S A BUZZING SOUND... FROM IN THERE...
THOSE TWO LIGHTS KEEP FLASHING ON AND OFF...IT MUST MEAN SOMETHING!


I'LL PUSH 'EM... AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

THE MOMENT RICK JONES' FINGERS TOUCH THE TWO FLASHING BUTTONS, A CIRCUIT IS SWITCHED OFF, AND THE PARALYSIS RAY BEHIND THE DOORS FADES INTO OBLIVION!
THE RAY HAS VANISHED! I'M FREE TO MOVE AGAIN!
IF ONLY IT ISN'T TOO LATE!!

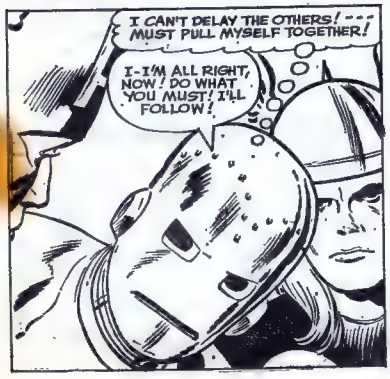
IT WAS A TERRIBLE ORDEAL... MY STRENGTH... ALMOST GONE... BUT... I'VE GOT TO HOLD ON...
GOT TO TAP MY WALKING STICK...

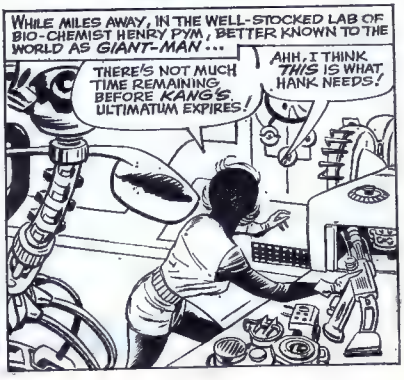
...JUST ONCE MORE!

A MICRO-SECOND LATER, THE EXHAUSTED, SLENDER DR. BLAKE IS REPLACED BY THE MOST DRAMATIC OF LIVING BEINGS---THE MIGHTY THOR!
I'VE GOT TO LEARN IF THE OTHERS ARE FREE NOW, TOO!!

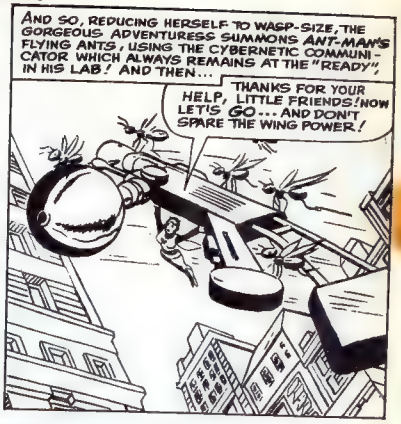
THOR!
RICK JONES! THEN IT WAS YOU WHO SABOTAGED THE PARALYSIS RAY?!!
BUT, THERE WILL BE TIME FOR DISCUSSION LATER... NOW MY TASK IS TO FIND THE AVENGERS!!

WITHIN SECONDS, THE OTHER AVENGERS ARE FREE AND READY FOR ACTION... EXCEPT FOR IRON MAN WHO IS STILL IN A WEAKENED CONDITION DUE TO THE STRAIN HIS INJURED HEART HAS BEEN UNDER...
WAIT! SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH IRON MAN!
HE CAN'T GET TO HIS FEET!
AS DR. BLAKE, I SEE HE HAS TROUBLE BREATHING ...IT COULD BE HIS HEART!

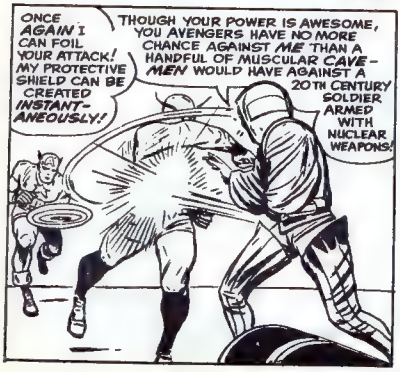

I CAN'T DELAY THE OTHERS! --- MUST PULL MYSELF TOGETHER!
I-I'M ALL RIGHT, NOW! DO WHAT YOU MUST! I'LL FOLLOW!

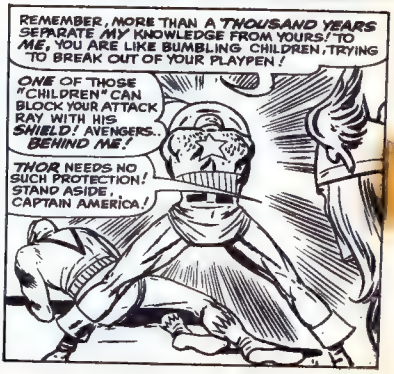

WHILE MILES AWAY, IN THE WELL-STOCKED LAB OF BIO-CHEMIST HENRY PYM, BETTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS GIANT-MAN...
THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME REMAINING BEFORE KANG'S ULTIMATUM EXPIRES!
AHH, I THINK THIS IS WHAT HANK NEEDS!

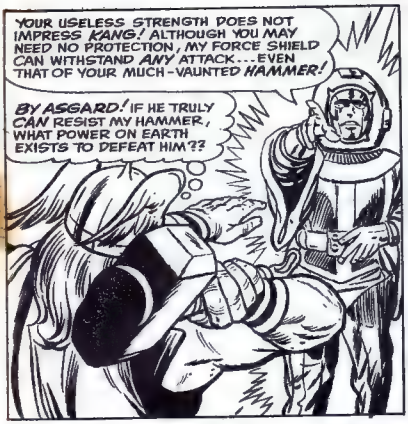
HANK HAD RECEIVED THE BASIC PLAN FOR THIS POWER RAY FROM TONY STARK, THE WEAPONS DESIGNING GENIUS... AND MR. HIGH POCKETS HIMSELF SPENT WEEKS MODIFYING IT TO MEET HIS OWN SPECIFICATIONS!
BUT, IN ORDER TO FLY BACK WITH IT AS THE WASP, I'M GOING TO NEED HELP! IT'S TOO HEAVY FOR ME TO MANAGE ALONE!

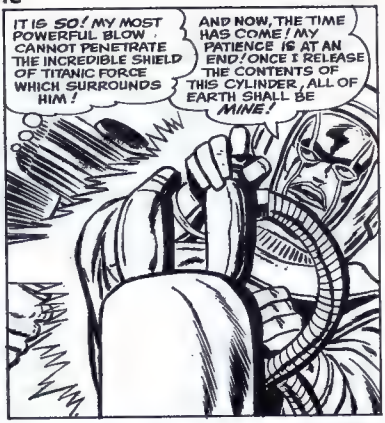

AND SO, REDUCING HERSELF TO WASP-SIZE, THE GORGEOUS ADVENTURESS SUMMONS ANT-MAN'S FLYING ANTS, USING THE CYBERNETIC COMMUNICATOR WHICH ALWAYS REMAINS AT THE "READY", IN HIS LAB! AND THEN...
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, LITTLE FRIENDS! NOW LET'S GO... AND DON'T SPARE THE WING POWER!

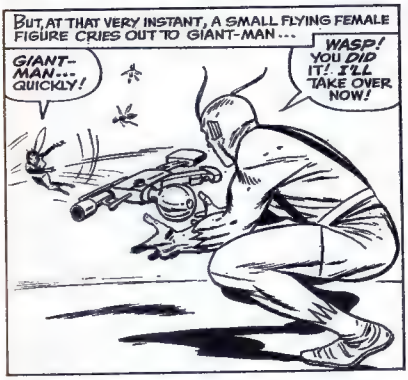
MEANWHILE...
NOW THAT WE REALIZE HOW DANGEROUS KANG REALLY IS, HE SHALL NOT TAKE US BY SURPRISE A SECOND TIME!
WITH MY TRANSISTORS NOW WORKING AT FULL CAPACITY AGAIN, MY STRENGTH IS ONCE MORE REACHING ITS PEAK!
THERE! I'VE THE ENERGIZER SEALED AT LAST! I CAN TURN MY ATTENTION TO...
BEHIND ME! THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET! THE AVENGERS ARE FREE... ATTACKING AGAIN!
WE DID IT! OUR TEEN BRIGADE PULLED IT OFF!


ONCE AGAIN I CAN FOIL YOUR ATTACK! MY PROTECTIVE SHIELD CAN BE CREATED INSTANTANEOUSLY!
THOUGH YOUR POWER IS AWESOME, YOU AVENGERS HAVE NO MORE CHANCE AGAINST ME THAN A HANDFUL OF MUSCULAR CAVEMEN WOULD HAVE AGAINST A 20TH CENTURY SOLDIER ARMED WITH NUCLEAR WEAPONS!

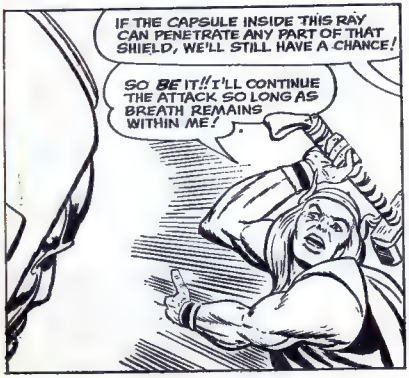

REMEMBER, MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS SEPARATE MY KNOWLEDGE FROM YOURS! TO ME, YOU ARE LIKE BUMBLING CHILDREN, TRYING TO BREAK OUT OF YOUR PLAYPEN!
ONE OF THOSE "CHILDREN" CAN BLOCK YOUR ATTACK RAY WITH HIS SHIELD! AVENGERS... BEHIND ME!
THOR NEEDS NO SUCH PROTECTION! STAND ASIDE, CAPTAIN AMERICA!

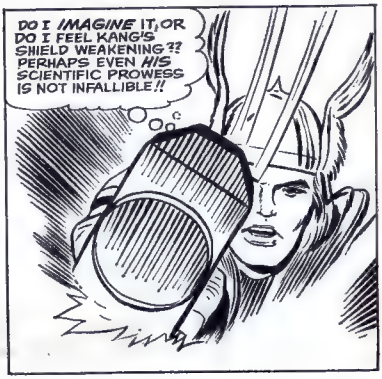

YOUR USELESS STRENGTH DOES NOT IMPRESS KANG! ALTHOUGH YOU MAY NEED NO PROTECTION, MY FORCE SHIELD CAN WITHSTAND ANY ATTACK... EVEN THAT OF YOUR MUCH-VAUNTED HAMMER!
BY ASGARD! IF HE TRULY CAN RESIST MY HAMMER, WHAT POWER ON EARTH EXISTS TO DEFEAT HIM??


IT IS SO! MY MOST POWERFUL BLOW CANNOT PENETRATE THE INCREDIBLE SHIELD OF TITANIC FORCE WHICH SURROUNDS HIM!
AND NOW, THE TIME HAS COME! MY PATIENCE IS AT AN END! ONCE I RELEASE THE CONTENTS OF THIS CYLINDER, ALL OF EARTH SHALL BE MINE!

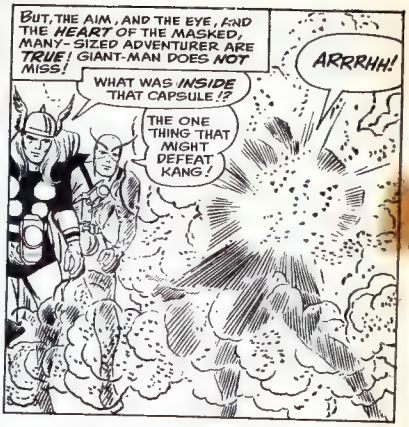

BUT, AT THAT VERY INSTANT, A SMALL FLYING FEMALE FIGURE CRIES OUT TO GIANT-MAN...
GIANT-MAN... QUICKLY!
WASP! YOU DID IT! I'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

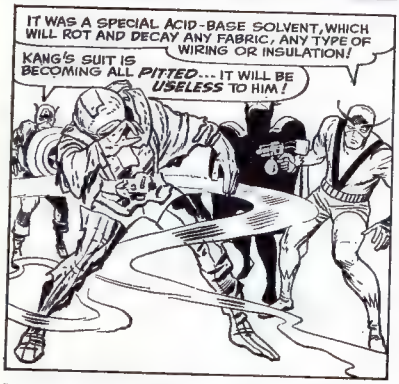
THOR! YOU MUSTN'T STOP NOW! KEEP POUNDING ON HIS FORCE SHIELD!
EVEN IF IT DOESN'T SHATTER, IT MAY DISTRACT HIM LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO USE THIS POWER RAY! KEEP HAMMERING, PARTNER!


IF THE CAPSULE INSIDE THIS RAY CAN PENETRATE ANY PART OF THAT SHIELD, WE'LL STILL HAVE A CHANCE!
SO BE IT!! I'LL CONTINUE THE ATTACK SO LONG AS BREATH REMAINS WITHIN ME!

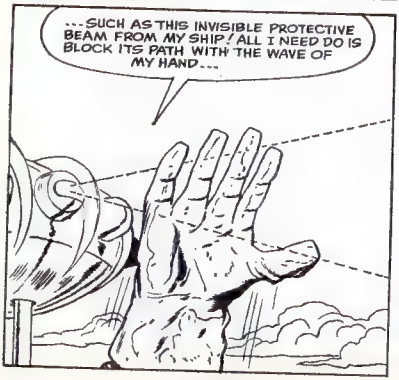

DO I IMAGINE IT, OR DO I FEEL KANG'S SHIELD WEAKENING?? PERHAPS EVEN HIS SCIENTIFIC PROWESS IS NOT INFALLIBLE!!

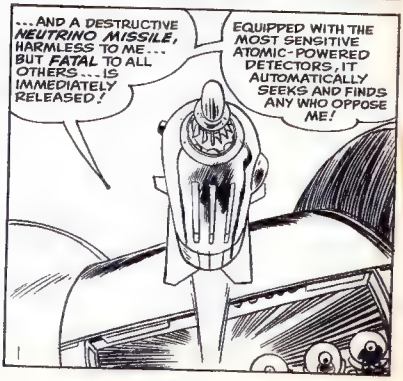
YOU DID IT, THOR! THE SHIELD OPENED FOR A SPLIT-SECOND... BUT THAT'S ALL THE TIME I NEED!
NOW, BLUE EYES! DON'T MISS!


BUT, THE AIM, AND THE EYE, AND THE HEART OF THE MASKED, MANY-SIZED ADVENTURER ARE TRUE! GIANT-MAN DOES NOT MISS!
WHAT WAS INSIDE THAT CAPSULE!?
THE ONE THING THAT MIGHT DEFEAT KANG!
ARRRHH!


IT WAS A SPECIAL ACID-BASE SOLVENT, WHICH WILL ROT AND DECAY ANY FABRIC, ANY TYPE OF WIRING OR INSULATION!
KANG'S SUIT IS BECOMING ALL PITTED... IT WILL BE USELESS TO HIM!

THAT WAS THE IDEA! HIS MOST POTENT WEAPONS SEEMED TO BE CONCEALED WITHIN HIS SUIT! I FELT IF WE COULD DESTROY THE SUIT ITSELF...
STAY BACK! I'M NOT BEATEN YET! I STILL HAVE RESOURCES WHICH YOU PRIMITIVE FOOLS CANNOT BEGIN TO SUSPECT!


...SUCH AS THIS INVISIBLE PROTECTIVE BEAM FROM MY SHIP! ALL I NEED DO IS BLOCK ITS PATH WITH THE WAVE OF MY HAND...


...AND A DESTRUCTIVE NEUTRINO MISSILE, HARMLESS TO ME... BUT FATAL TO ALL OTHERS... IS IMMEDIATELY RELEASED!
EQUIPPED WITH THE MOST SENSITIVE ATOMIC-POWERED DETECTORS, IT AUTOMATICALLY SEEKS AND FINDS ANY WHO OPPOSE ME!

YOU, IN THE IRON SUIT... STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!

JUST SHOWING THAT WE IN THE 20TH CENTURY AREN'T THE HELPLESS SAVAGES YOU THINK WE ARE!

WHILE IT DOESN'T HAVE AS IMPRESSIVE A NAME AS YOUR NEUTRINO MISSILE, MY TRUSTY LITTLE REPULSER RAY COMES IN MIGHTY HANDY AT TIMES LIKE THIS!

DIVERTED IN FLIGHT, THE LETHAL NEUTRINO WEAPON IS HURLED SKYWARD, WHERE IT FINALLY EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE SUB-ATMOSPHERE!

THEN, BEFORE THE MENACE FROM THE FUTURE CAN GATHER HIS WITS, GIANT-MAN'S SPECIAL SOLVENT CORRODES THE OTHER WEAPONS STILL REMAINING IN KANG'S SHIP!

MY MISSILES! YOU'VE DESTROYED THEM ALL!

THAT'S THE IDEA, SON!

AND THEN, WITH MEMBERS OF RICK JONES' TEEN BRIGADE AT THEIR SIDE, THE MIGHTIEST FIGHTING TEAM ON EARTH CLOSES IN ON THE MAN CALLED KANG!

CAREFUL... WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT OTHER RESOURCES HE MAY HAVE!

IT DOESN'T MATTER! HE'S BEATEN!

NEVER! I CAN'T BE DEFEATED BY PRIMITIVES!

DON'T BET ON THAT, MISTER!

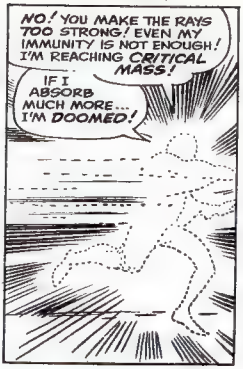
WAIT! STAY BACK! HIS MASK BEGINS TO GLOW!

IN THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE, WE ARE IMMUNE TO RADIATION... BUT YOU ARE NOT! AND SO, I USE MY LAST... MY GREATEST WEAPON... RADIOACTIVITY!

IT IS THE ONE POWER... THE ONE FORCE YOU HAVE NO DEFENCE AGAINST! IT IS THE METHOD WITH WHICH I SHALL DESTROY YOU!

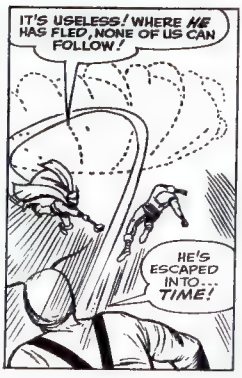
YOUR PUNY SHIELD CANNOT HELP YOU! WITH EACH PASSING SECOND, I MAKE MY MASK EMIT MORE AND MORE RADIATION! FIRST, I DISPOSE OF YOU... AND THEN, THE WORLD SHALL BE MINE!

NEVER! NO MATTER HOW POTENT YOUR RADIATION MAY BE, MY URU HAMMER CAN ABSORB THE RAYS AND HURL THEM BACK AT YOU!


NO! YOU MAKE THE RAYS TOO STRONG! EVEN MY IMMUNITY IS NOT ENOUGH! I'M REACHING CRITICAL MASS!
IF I ABSORB MUCH MORE... I'M DOOMED!

I'VE GOT TO REACH THE SAFETY OF MY SHIP! MY SURVIVAL IS ALL THAT MATTERS!
SO! NOW YOU RUN FROM THE "HELPLESS PRIMITIVES!"

HIS SHIP IS RISING! HE'LL ESCAPE!
PERHAPS I CAN OVERTAKE HIM, WITH MY JETS!


IT'S USELESS! WHERE HE HAS FLED, NONE OF US CAN FOLLOW!
HE'S ESCAPED INTO... TIME!

CAP... DO YOU THINK... HE'LL EVER RETURN?
NO ONE CAN SAY, RICK! BUT, ONE THING IS CERTAIN... HE KNOWS NOW THAT HE ISN'T UNBEATABLE... HE KNOWS IF HE RETURNS, THE AVENGERS WILL BE WAITING!

"THE AVENGERS WILL BE WAITING!" THUS HAS IT EVER BEEN... THUS WILL IT EVER BE! SO LONG AS MANKIND IS IN JEOPARDY... SO LONG AS THE MOTHER PLANET, EARTH, MAY BE MENACED... SO LONG AS THE FORCES OF EVIL DARE TO CHALLENGE JUSTICE... THE AVENGERS WILL STAND... READY TO FIGHT... TO SACRIFICE... TO PERISH, IF NEED BE... SO THAT LIBERTY AND HOPE SHALL EVER LIVE IN THE HEARTS OF MEN!
NEXT WEEK A NEW PROBLEM CONFRONTS THE AVENGERS.. UNLIKE ANY THEY HAVE EVER FACED BEFORE! WELL, SEE FOR YOURSELVES...

NEXT WEEK
THE AVENGERS
POWER PACK
MEET
WONDER MAN
THE NEWEST, MOST DYNAMIC SURPRISE CHARACTER FROM THE WORLD-FAMOUS HOUSE OF IDEAS!

DOCTOR STRANGE

FACES "THE MANY TRAPS OF BARON MORDO!"

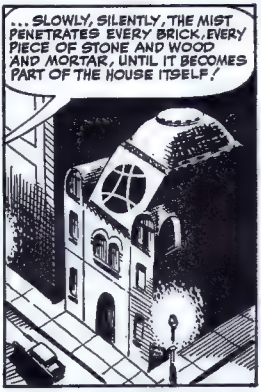
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1963

THERE!-IT IS DONE! BY USE OF A SIMPLE SPELL, I HAVE CREATED AN EXACT MINIATURE REPLICA OF THE HOME OF DR. STRANGE!

AND NOW, WHEN I REPEAT THE SPELL, SAYING IT SLOWLY... A MAGICAL MIST COVERS MY PRECIOUS MODEL!

THEN, AT THE NEXT COMMAND OF BARON MORDO, MY ENCHANTED MIST DRIFTS OUT OF MY WINDOW... AND INTO THE SKY!

....WHERE IT SETTLES OVER THE REAL-LIFE HOUSE OF THE ACCURSED DR. STRANGE!

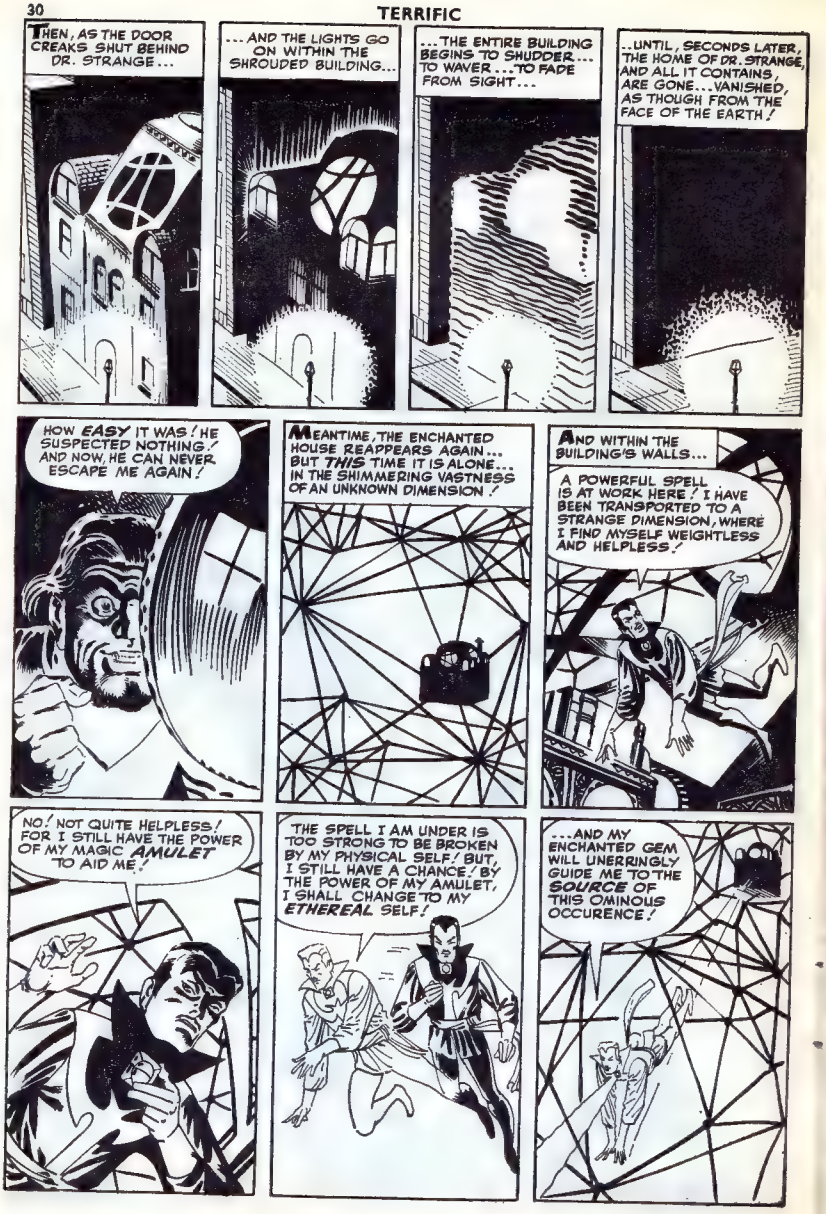

...SLOWLY, SILENTLY, THE MIST PENETRATES EVERY BRICK, EVERY PIECE OF STONE AND WOOD AND MORTAR, UNTIL IT BECOMES PART OF THE HOUSE ITSELF!

AND SO IT IS DONE! MY TRAP IS SET! THE HOME OF DR. STRANGE IS UNDER MY SPELL... THE SPELL OF BARON MORDO!

LATER, A TALL, STATELY FIGURE WALKS THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CITY...

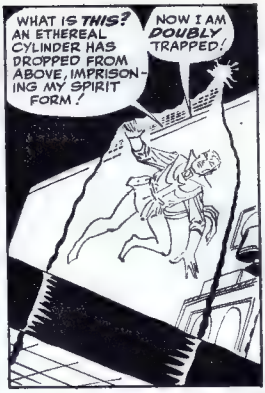
IT IS THE IMPOSING FIGURE OF DR. STRANGE, MASTER OF ALL MAGIC!! LOST IN THOUGHT, THE SILENT MAN HAS NO SUSPICION OF WHAT AWAITS HIM!

...WHILE HIS ARCH-ENEMY WATCHES HIS EVERY MOVE WITH SINISTER GLEE...
HE IS ENTERING HIS HOUSE! HE HAS DOOMED HIMSELF! I'VE BEATEN HIM!


THEN, AS THE DOOR CREAKS SHUT BEHIND DR. STRANGE...
...AND THE LIGHTS GO ON WITHIN THE SHROUDED BUILDING...
...THE ENTIRE BUILDING BEGINS TO SHUDDER... TO WAVER...TO FADE FROM SIGHT...
..UNTIL, SECONDS LATER, THE HOME OF DR. STRANGE, AND ALL IT CONTAINS, ARE GONE...VANISHED, AS THOUGH FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
HOW EASY IT WAS! HE SUSPECTED NOTHING! AND NOW, HE CAN NEVER ESCAPE ME AGAIN!
MEANTIME, THE ENCHANTED HOUSE REAPPEARS AGAIN... BUT THIS TIME IT IS ALONE... IN THE SHIMMERING VASTNESS OF AN UNKNOWN DIMENSION!
AND WITHIN THE BUILDING'S WALLS...
A POWERFUL SPELL IS AT WORK HERE! I HAVE BEEN TRANSPORTED TO A STRANGE DIMENSION, WHERE I FIND MYSELF WEIGHTLESS AND HELPLESS!
NO! NOT QUITE HELPLESS! FOR I STILL HAVE THE POWER OF MY MAGIC AMULET TO AID ME!
THE SPELL I AM UNDER IS TOO STRONG TO BE BROKEN BY MY PHYSICAL SELF! BUT, I STILL HAVE A CHANCE! BY THE POWER OF MY AMULET, I SHALL CHANGE TO MY ETHEREAL SELF!
...AND MY ENCHANTED GEM WILL UNERRINGLY GUIDE ME TO THE SOURCE OF THIS OMINOUS OCCURENCE!

AHH, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! IT IS BARON MORDO, MY ARCH-ENEMY, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE

BEFORE HE IS AWARE OF MY PRESENCE, PERHAPS I CAN FIND A CLUE TO THE TYPE OF SPELL HE CAST WHICH TRAPPED MY PHYSICAL SELF IN THAT DARK DIMENSION!


WHAT IS THIS? AN ETHEREAL CYLINDER HAS DROPPED FROM ABOVE, IMPRISONING MY SPIRIT FORM!
NOW I AM DOUBLY TRAPPED!

IT IS USELESS TO STRUGGLE, STRANGE! MY ENCHANTED CYLINDER IS ESCAPE-PROOF!
MY TRAPS HAVE SUCCEEDED BETTER THAN I DARED HOPE!

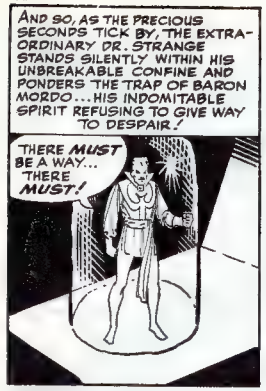
WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE, EVIL ONE? WHAT SINISTER GOAL DO YOU SEEK?
SURELY YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT I AM AFTER, STRANGE!

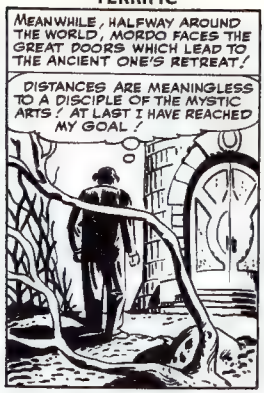
ONLY ONE MAN KNOWS MORE THAN I OF THE MYSTIC ARTS... AND HE IS THE ANCIENT ONE... OUR MASTER!
YOU HAVE ALWAYS PROTECTED HIM FROM ME, BUT NOW HE WILL BE AT MY MERCY!

AND WHEN THE ANCIENT ONE IS GONE, I SHALL RETURN TO DISPOSE OF YOU AT WILL! THEN I, BARON MORDO, WILL BE MASTER OF ALL MAGIC!
I MUST ESCAPE! HE MUST NOT HARM THE ANCIENT ONE!

BUT MORDO'S SPELL IS TOO STRONG! EVEN MY AMULET CANNOT SET ME FREE!

BUT I SHALL NOT GIVE UP! SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW, I SHALL FIND THE WAY... FOR IT IS WRITTEN THAT GOOD MUST ALWAYS TRIUMPH OVER EVIL!


AND SO, AS THE PRECIOUS SECONDS TICK BY, THE EXTRA-ORDINARY DR. STRANGE STANDS SILENTLY WITHIN HIS UNBREAKABLE CONFINE AND PONDERS THE TRAP OF BARON MORDO...HIS INDOMITABLE SPIRIT REFUSING TO GIVE WAY TO DESPAIR!
THERE MUST BE A WAY... THERE MUST!


MEANWHILE, HALFWAY AROUND THE WORLD, MORDO FACES THE GREAT DOORS WHICH LEAD TO THE ANCIENT ONE'S RETREAT!
DISTANCES ARE MEANINGLESS TO A DISCIPLE OF THE MYSTIC ARTS! AT LAST I HAVE REACHED MY GOAL!

OH, ANCIENT ONE, YOUR REPENTANT STUDENT HAS RETURNED...TO BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS!

I HAVE LEARNED THE FOLLY OF EVIL! I HAVE COME TO MAKE AMENDS FOR MY PAST DEEDS!

NONE WHO DESIRE TO REPENT SHALL BE TURNED AWAY! ENTER, MORDO!

THE TRUSTING OLD FOOL BELIEVED ME, AS I KNEW HE WOULD! NOW THAT I AM INSIDE, THE REST SHALL BE EASY!

OH, MASTER...I HAVE BEEN WICKED! I BEG YOU TO TEACH ME TO BE GOOD...TO BE NOBLE...LIKE DR. STRANGE!
YOU MAY APPROACH ME, MORDO!

I KNOW I DO NOT EVEN DESERVE YOUR FORGIVENESS, AND YET...
THE CLOSER I GET TO HIM, THE EASIER IT WILL BE!

...TEACH ME TO USE MY MAGIC POWERS FOR THE BENEFIT OF MANKIND! TEACH ME, OH HONOURED ANCIENT ONE!

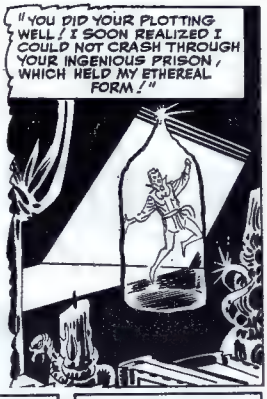
I AM CLOSE ENOUGH NOW! THERE IS NO NEED FOR FURTHER PRETENCE!
YOU GULLIBLE OLD FOOL! I'VE GOT YOU NOW!

OH NO!!! NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

YOU STAND!! MY SPELL DID NOT HARM YOU!! YOU COULD ONLY HAVE RESISTED IT IF YOU EXPECTED IT! BUT HOW...?

YOU, OF ALL LIVING BEINGS, SHOULD KNOW THAT ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE TO DABBLERS IN THE MYSTIC ARTS!
DOCTOR STRANGE!

YOUR TRAPS WERE CLEVER, MORDO... BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH!

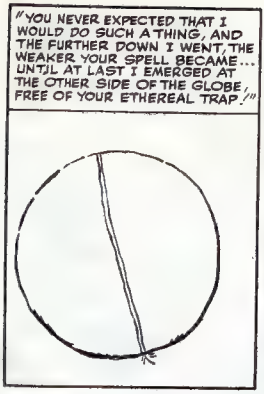

"YOU DID YOUR PLOTTING WELL! I SOON REALIZED I COULD NOT CRASH THROUGH YOUR INGENIOUS PRISON, WHICH HELD MY ETHEREAL FORM!"

"BUT YOU FORGOT ONE THING, MORDO! AN ETHEREAL BODY CANNOT BE STOPPED BY EARTHLY THINGS...THINGS SUCH AS THE GROUND UNDER-FOOT!"

"IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR ME TO SINK BENEATH THE FLOOR..."

"TO DESCEND BENEATH THE VERY CELLAR ITSELF..."

"AND THEN DOWN, DOWN INTO THE CORE OF THE EARTH..."


"YOU NEVER EXPECTED THAT I WOULD DO SUCH A THING, AND THE FURTHER DOWN I WENT, THE WEAKER YOUR SPELL BECAME... UNTIL AT LAST I EMERGED AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLOBE, FREE OF YOUR ETHEREAL TRAP!"

"AND THUS I WAS ABLE TO REACH THE ANCIENT ONE BEFORE YOU!"
DR. STRANGE!

"WITHIN SECONDS I HAD EXPLAINED HIS DANGER..."
I CAME TO WARN YOU, MASTER! IN MY ETHEREAL FORM, I CANNOT BATTLE MORDO, AND YET... SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!
YOUR WORDS HAVE THE RING OF TRUTH, MY SON!

AND, IN RETURN, I PRESENT YOU WITH THIS RING...WHICH WILL ENABLE YOU TO DO EVERYTHING YOU MIGHT DO IN YOUR REAL-LIFE FORM... SO THAT YOU MAY BATTLE MORDO!

AS FOR ME, I AM OLD AND WEARY! BUT I SHALL PERMIT YOU TO TRANSFORM YOURSELF TO RESEMBLE ME, FOR YOU SHALL BATTLE MORDO IN MY PLACE!

YOU WERE A FOOL TO TELL ME, STRANGE! NOW THAT I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, I KNOW I CAN STILL DEFEAT YOU!

I CALL UPON ALL THE SHADOWY SHAPES, ALL THE DREAD POWERS OF THE MIGHTY DORMAMMU TO COME TO MY AID!!
AND I CALL UPON MY ENCHANTED RING TO SHIELD ME FROM WHATEVER HOSTS OF EVIL YOU CONJURE FORTH!

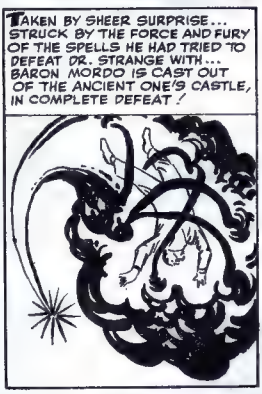
BY THE POWER OF THE VISHANTI ... IN THE NAME OF THE ALL-SEEING ANCIENT ONE... I SUMMON ALL THE FORCES OF GOOD... AND FOCUS THEIR BLINDING POWER UPON YOU, THROUGH THE FACETS OF THIS RING!
NO! NO! I CANNOT BEAR TO LOOK AT IT!

TAKE IT AWAY! ITS BRIGHTNESS IS APALLING TO ME!

But NO MATTER WHERE THE EVIL MORDO TURNS, THE RAYS OF THE ENCHANTED LIGHT REACH OUT AND BATHE HIM IN THEIR BRILLIANT GLOW!

IT IS JUST AS THE ANCIENT ONE HAS EVER SAID! THE POWER OF GOOD SHALL ALWAYS BANISH EVIL! NOW I SHALL GATHER ALL THE SINISTER SPELLS OF MORDO..

...AND HURL THEM BACK AT HIM, BEFORE HE CAN CONJURE UP NEW DEFENCES!


TAKEN BY SHEER SURPRISE... STRUCK BY THE FORCE AND FURY OF THE SPELLS HE HAD TRIED TO DEFEAT DR. STRANGE WITH... BARON MORDO IS CAST OUT OF THE ANCIENT ONE'S CASTLE, IN COMPLETE DEFEAT!

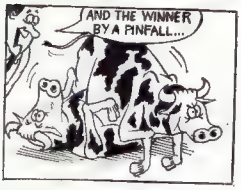
AT THAT VERY INSTANT, THE EVIL SPELLS HE HAD CAST ARE BROKEN, AND THE HOME OF DR. STRANGE REAPPEARS IN ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE, AS THE MASTER OF MAGIC ONCE AGAIN REGAINS HIS PHYSICAL FORM!

AND, IN FAR OFF TIBET, THE ANCIENT ONE ASCENDS HIS DAIS AGAIN AND SINKS DOWN UPON THE SOFT CUSHIONS OF HIS SEAT...
EACH TIME MORDO ATTACKS, HE GROWS STRONGER, MORE DANGEROUS!
DO NOT FEAR, MASTER! NO MATTER HOW AWESOME HIS POWER, I SHALL DEVOTE MY LIFE TO VANQUISHING HIM!

BUT, AS DR. STRANGE RETURNS TO HIS SILENT ABODE IN AN OBSCURE STREET, LITTLE DOES HE DREAM THAT HIS NEXT THREAT WILL NOT COME FROM BARON MORDO... BUT FROM A FAR DIFFERENT, A FAR STRANGER MENACE... AS WE SHALL SEE NEXT WEEK!!

ODD SPORTS

COW FIGHTING



Farmers in the Swiss canton of Valais have for centuries bred a race of fighting cows. Nearly every farm has its potential champion cow and eliminating contests are organised throughout the year.

Every May a kind of cup final is held, and the two cows that have fought their way to victory in the eliminating bouts meet for the title of Valais Canton Champion.

At the sound of a horn, the two competing cows enter the ring, which is surrounded by a heavy wooden barricade. They immediately rush each other and begin an orgy of goring until one signifies defeat by running away.

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MONKEY BUSINESS ON WHEELS

Montreal police recently raided a house suspected of being kept for illegal gambling. Inside they found half-a-dozen children's pedal cars being driven round a circular track with chimps at the wheels.

Each chimp had a number on its back and the onlookers paid two dollars for tickets with corresponding numbers. The holder of the ticket bearing the winning monkey's number collected the rest of the stakes—less 25 per cent for the promoter.

When the promoter appeared in court the next morning, he told the magistrate that he had been organising monkey car-racing for several years in Canada and the U.S.A. and never before had been brought to court. A sympathetic bench dismissed the case and the accused went back to his monkey business.

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MOUSE DERBY

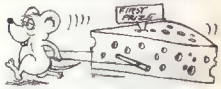
Augustus, a piebald mouse, won last year's Mouse Derby held in New York. The Mouse Derby is held every August and most of the runners are owned and trained by schoolboys.

There are usually about 100 entries and heats are run until six finalists are left.

Each mouse is placed inside a small wheel fitted with a treadmill and each has its own runway along the 24 foot long course.

The starting signal is the explosion of a firework. The startled mice then begin running on their treadmills, so causing them to roll their wheels along the course. The mouse first past the winning post is champion for the year and wins some cheese.

All the racing mice are pedigree and specially bred and trained for the sport.

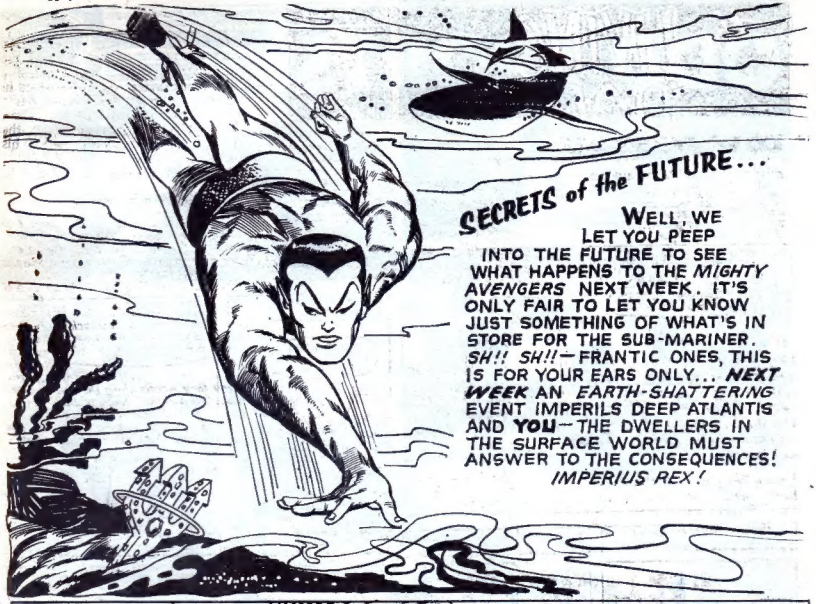


"FRANTIC FUN"

"There's one thing about it—we never get any flies in our house!"

"Two please!"

"I'm afraid there's nothing in the rules against it!"

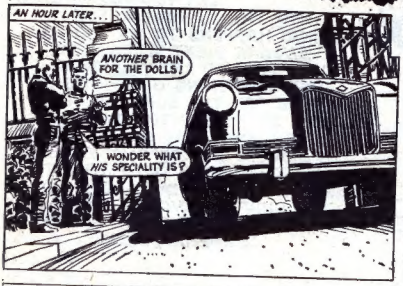


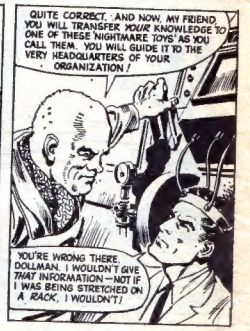
...AND WHAT OF DR. STRANGE? SURELY THE FUTURE IS AN OPEN BOOK TO SUCH AS HE. YEA—AND SO IT IS, BY THE EARS OF THE ***ANCIENT ONE!! THEN LET THE WORLD BE TOLD THAT NEXT WEEK***

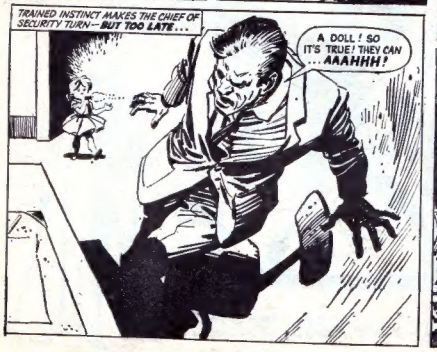
DR. STRANGE ENCOUNTERS ***THE POSSESSED!!!***

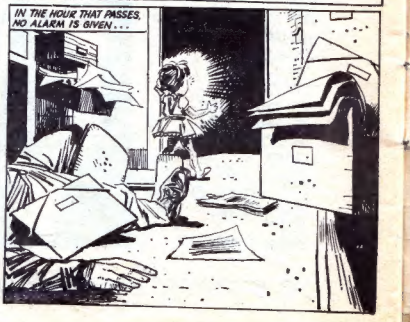
the LIVING DOLLS

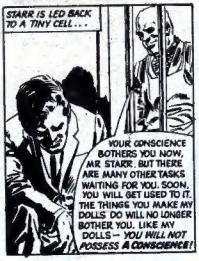
CHINA DOLLS THAT CAN THINK AND WALK IN THE NIGHT? LITTLE, PAINTED CHILDREN'S DOLLS THAT CAN STALK AND KILL A MAN WITH ALL THE SKILL OF TRAINED ASSASSINS? CRAZY! BUT SPECIAL SECURITY AGENT DON STARR KNOWS THE SPINE-CHILLING TRUTH... THAT CRAZY THINGS CAN HAPPEN!

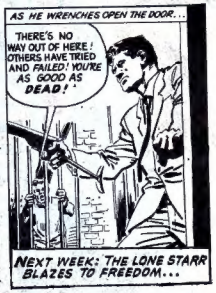












NEXT WEEK: THE LONE STARR BLAZES TO FREEDOM...

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